

June 18th 1918.

My Darling Wife :-

Today is Tuesday, and a beautiful sunny June day. Yesterday it rained hard all day, and I was Officer of the Day, and had my hands full of work all day. In the evening, it was cold and damp, so I went to bed early to keep warm, and in spite of the weather, had a wonderful night's sleep. Three or four days ago we got in some burn cases that were very bad, and it takes me a half a day to do the dressings on the two of them that were assigned to me.

They are getting along fine now and are all going to get well without a doubt.

It has now been ten days since we have received any mail

here and we are all beginning
to wonder what has happened
to our mail. I presume it will
come almost any day now, and
I know I am going to get a lot
when it does come. I am in
perfectly wonderful health dear.
This outdoor living is agreeing
with me splendidly and I am in
better condition than I have been
for years.

I am not afraid to ask how
you are, in spite of the fact that
it is ages since I have heard from
you, because I know dear girl,
that you are taking good care of
your health and that of the babies.

I hope you don't lose a bit of weight before I get back, because I want to see you when you are good and fat - and healthy. Won't we have wonderful times darling, when we can go any where and anytime without worrying about your health? I can hardly wait for the time to come, in fact I think some times I can't stand it longer, but then a realization of the character of my duty jars me awake again. But - Oh! what a glorious time we will have when I do come!

I know that on this earth dear, there are not two people that love each other as we do. It seems inconceivable to me that such a wonderful love as ours can exist - all I know is that it does, and that each day that passes adds to its greatness. The thoughts we have of each other and the mutual knowledge we have of our love, is our one greatest source of consolation darling, and to me it is indeed a great one. I long so to see you and daughter and Brother, God bless them. I am homesick and lonesome, and I love you all, Oh! so much. Well - all things come to him who waits, so I am perfectly confident that this war can't last forever, for

we are both waiting for it to end. I wonder dear if by this time you have been able to find out where we are, over here. I'd love to tell you but it can't be done. I'd feel a lot better if you knew where we are for we are liable to be here for sometime - in fact we may stay here till we leave for "over there".

"Rosy" and I are sitting in the sun out in front of our tent writing these letters. We have a beautiful little place and do enjoy it ever so much. With me it has even superseded my occasional visits to the club, because it is so comfortable.

up here that I'd rather be here. We have everything you can imagine to make us as comfortable as we can be in a tent.

I recieved a copy of the Berkey and Gay paper the other day and it had pictures of Ed and Will, and Bernie. It sure did seem good to see their faces even if it was only a half tone photo of them. I guess I am out of luck regarding my pictures. They still have no material downtown and I will have to depend on some other means of securing them. But Honey Dear, don't you fail

to send me yours as you must know
how anxious I am to get them. It is
nearly time for me to hear from
the box I sent to you. I do so hope
it didn't go astray for I want to see
what you think of my judgment
as to whether you would like certain
things or not. I am anxious to get
your letter regarding the receipt of
that box.

Well my Dearest Girl, I am going
to close now. I am on duty in the
operating room from one till eight
tonight and I think I just heard an

ambulance come in. I will write again
tomorrow dearest. Give my love and
kisses to my darling babies and Ted. With
all my dearest love to you sweetheart,
I am your loving husband.

1st St. Ansel B. Smith M.R.C.
Evac. Hosp. #2. U.S.A.
America 2.7.

Hello Sweetheart - Gee! I forgot who I was writing
to. A.B. and I have loads of fun - I try to occupy his
mind on noble thoughts to prevent him from leading
a life of crime. Seriously, he looks fine. Can we
count on you to be at the big party in New York? Love!
Sincerely, Capt. Moore